

Ave virgo sanctissima

BY Francisco Geurrero (1528–1599)

TEXT BY anonymous

Ave Virgo sanctissima
Dei Mater piissima,
Maris stella clarissima.
Salve semper gloriosa,
Margarita pretiosa,
Sicut lilium formosa,
Nitens olens velut rosa.

Hail, Holy Virgin
most blessed Mother of God,
bright star of the sea.
Hail, ever glorious,
precious pearl,
lovely as the lily,
beautiful and perfumed as the rose.

Der Herr ist mit mir

BY Dieterich Buxtehude (1637–1707)

TEXT FROM the Bible's *Psalms* 118:6–7

Der Herr ist mit mir,
darum fürchte ich mich nicht.
Was können mir Menschen tun?

The Lord is on my side;
I will not fear:
what can man do unto me?

Der Herr ist mit mir,
mir zu helfen,
und ich will meine Lust sehen an meinen Feinden.

The Lord taketh my part
with them that help me:
therefore shall I see my desire upon them that hate me.

Alleluia

Hallelujah

Coro FROM *Wer sich selbst erhöhet, der soll erniedriget werden*

BY Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750)

TEXT ADAPTED BY Johann Friedrich Helbig FROM the Bible's *Ephesians* 4:1–6

Wer sich selbst erhöhet,
der soll erniedriget werden,
und wer sich selbst erniedriget,
der soll erhöht werden.

Who exalts himself
will be humbled,
And who humbles himself
will be exalted.

FROM *Missa Votiva*

BY Jan Dismas Zelenka (1679–1745)

TEXT FROM the Latin Mass

i. *Kýrie I*

Kýrie eléison Lord, have mercy.

ii. *Christe eleison*

Christe eléison Christ, have mercy.

iii. *Kýrie II*

Kýrie eléison Lord, have mercy.

iv. *Glória in excelsis Deo*

Glória in excelsis Deo.
Et in terra pax
Homínibus bonæ voluntátis.
Laudámus te.
Benedícimus te.
Adorámus te.
Glorificámus te.

Glory to God in the highest,
and on Earth peace
to those of good will.
We praise you,
we bless you,
we adore you,
we glorify you.

v. *Cum sancto spiritu*

Cum Sancto Spiritum:
In glória Dei Patris.
Amen.

With the Holy Spirit,
in the glory of God the Father.
Amen.

Abendfeier in Venedig

BY Clara Schumann (1819-1896)

TEXT BY Emanuel Geibel

Ave Maria! Meer und Himmel ruh'n.
von allen Türmen hallt der Glocken Ton.
Ave Maria! Lasst vom ird'schen Tun,
zur Jungfrau betet, zu der Jungfrau Sohn.
Des Himmels Scharen selber knien nun
mit Lilienstäben vor des Vaters Thron,
und durch die Rosenwolken wehn die Lieder
der sel'gen Geister feierlich hernieder.

Ave Maria! Sea and sky are at rest,
Bells ring out from all the towers.
Ave Maria! Leave all earthly activity,
Pray to the Virgin, to the Virgin's Son!
The angelic throng now is kneeling
With lilies wrapped around their staves,
And through the roseate clouds, the songs
Of blessed spirits float ceremoniously down.

Weavers (WORLD PREMIERE)

BY Kacper Madejek (b. 1999)

TEXT BY Kacper Madejek

PROGRAM NOTE: My music inhabits a liminal space between conventional text and onomatopoeias conveying a swarm of persistent flies, transforming this buzzing nuisance into a moment of much needed contemplation. We scroll through endless amounts of slop on our phones with what used to be a nonchalant gesture to swat one of those flies – and probably just as mindlessly. Why should we continue to consume this artificially generated content online, like spiders navigating the same web of complacency and convenience full of tasty (f)lies, instead of experiencing life? Can we even tell the truth apart from falsehood anymore? What is true to us, and how can we trust and stay true to other people? Why should we be stuck on the web instead of meaningfully interacting with others in real life, outside, in nature, while we still have it (albeit with the good ol' flies)?

when words become
a swarm of (f)lies
trapped in the web
why would I be the spider?

In Bright Mansions Above

ARRANGED BY Roland M. Carter (b. 1942)

TEXT FROM traditional spiritual

Lord, I want live up yonder in bright mansions above.
My mother's gone to glory.
I want to go there too;
Lord, I want live up yonder in bright mansions above.

In my Father's house there are many mansions,
If it were not so, I would have told you.

I Believe This Is Jesus

ARRANGED BY Undine Smith Moore (1904-1989)

TEXT FROM traditional spiritual

I believe this is Jesus;
Come and see, oh, come and see.

The light of God shines in his face,
He offers all his pard'ning grace;
Come and see, oh, come and see.

Yes, yes, yes Lord!
Oh, I believe this is Jesus;
Come and see, come and see.

O Vos Omnes

BY Pablo Casals (1876-1973)

TEXT FROM the Bible's *Lamentations* 1:12

O vos ómnes qui transítis per víam, attendite et vidéte: Si est dólór símilis sícut dólór méus.	O all you who walk by on the road, pay attention and see: if there be any sorrow like my sorrow.
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Atténdite unívérsi pópuli, et vidéte dolórem méum. Si est dólór símilis sícut dólór méus.	Pay attention, all people, and look at my sorrow: if there be any sorrow like my sorrow.
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Bound

BY Ayanna Woods (b. 1993)

TEXT BY Ayanna Woods

for my grandmother
for my grandmother's hands
for the work of her hands
for her loving labor

for my grandfather
for my grandfather's feet
for the pounding of his feet
for his loving labor

for the transformation
their loving labor brought
we inhabit

for a transformation
we are bound
right now

with our hands
with the work of our hands
with our feet
with the pounding of our feet
Right Now!